BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 22

NUTTY

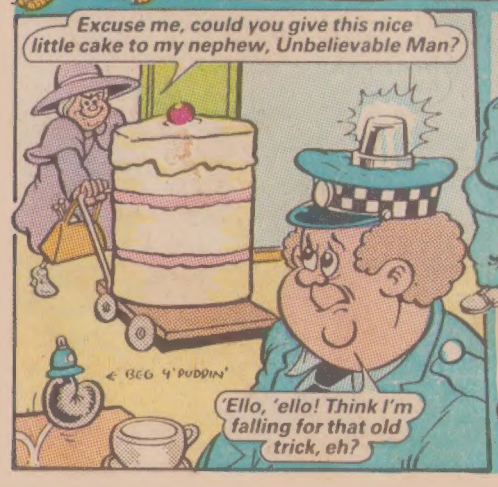
20P
IR—30p
(Inc. VAT)

EVERY SATURDAY No. 286 Aug. 3rd, 1985

AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, LITTLE ERIC, MUNCHES A BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

BANANAMAN

You've caught every villain who's ever appeared in this comic, Bananaman. Go home and put your feet up.
NO VACANCIES
Thanks, Chief. I'll do just that.


Excuse me, could you give this nice little cake to my nephew, Unbelievable Man?
BEG 'PUDDIN'
'Ello, 'ello! Think I'm falling for that old trick, eh?

CONTINUED ON CENTRE PAGES

JAY R. HOOD

HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

Hi, Rotters — you're looking at Nuttytown's number one trapper.

But we've no mountains or forests in Nuttytown.

REX! Come back, you naughty dog.

AAH! Sounds like somebody in need of my services.

I'll just set one of my rotter traps and . .

. . .GOTCHA!

YELP!

You haven't seen a large white dog, have you?

Nope! Only that scruffy black mutt.

Thanks, Pal. I'll be able to stay out and play now.

It's time I checked my animal trap.

CHORTLE! But there's only dogs and cats in Nuttytown.

That's what you think. See — I've caught a PANDA.

GRRR!

POLICE

HO! HO!

SOON —

This is where I set up my main rotter trap — any minute now they'll be here.

Here they come now — bang on time.

RUMBLE! STOMP! STOMP!

GOSH! Sounds like a herd of stampeding elk.

BINGO! Two fat ladies. Clickety-click!

BINGO HALL

SHRIEK!

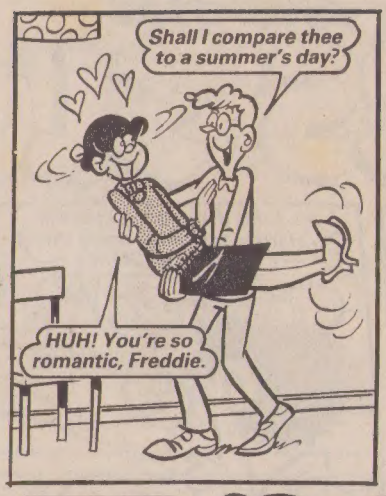
YIKES!

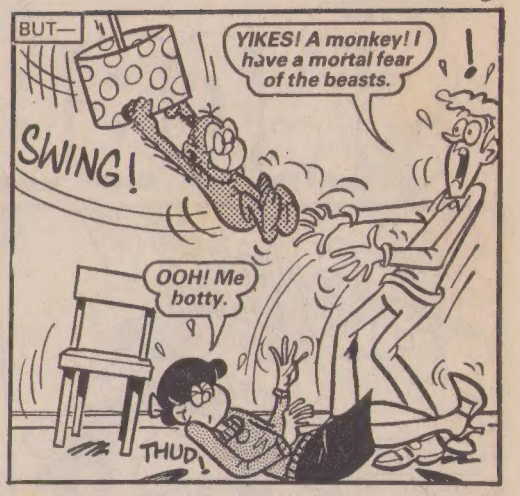
HEE-HEE! It's a mighty dangerous life being a Nuttytown fur trapper.

GRR! Spoil our best fur coats, would you!

NTY.3.8.85

PETER Pest

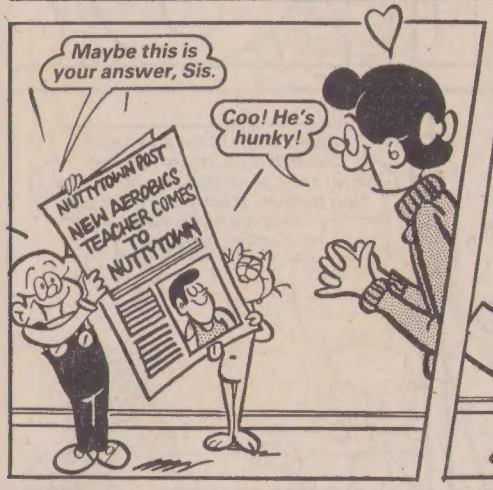

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
HUH! You're so romantic, Freddie.


BUT—
YIKES! A monkey! I have a mortal fear of the beasts.
SWING!
OOH! Me botty.
THUD!

I'm off.
BAH! It's only Peter in a costume.
BIG SURPRISE!

My botty's sore with you getting me dropped, Peter.
THROB!
NUDGE!
My arms are bruised with you getting me the big E so often.

And my feet are sore with being stood up after my dates have heard about you.
THROB!


Maybe this is your answer, Sis.
Coo! He's hunky!
NUTTYTOWN POST
NEW AEROBICS TEACHER COMES TO NUTTYTOWN

SO—
Come on in, Honey. I'll give you a trial lesson.

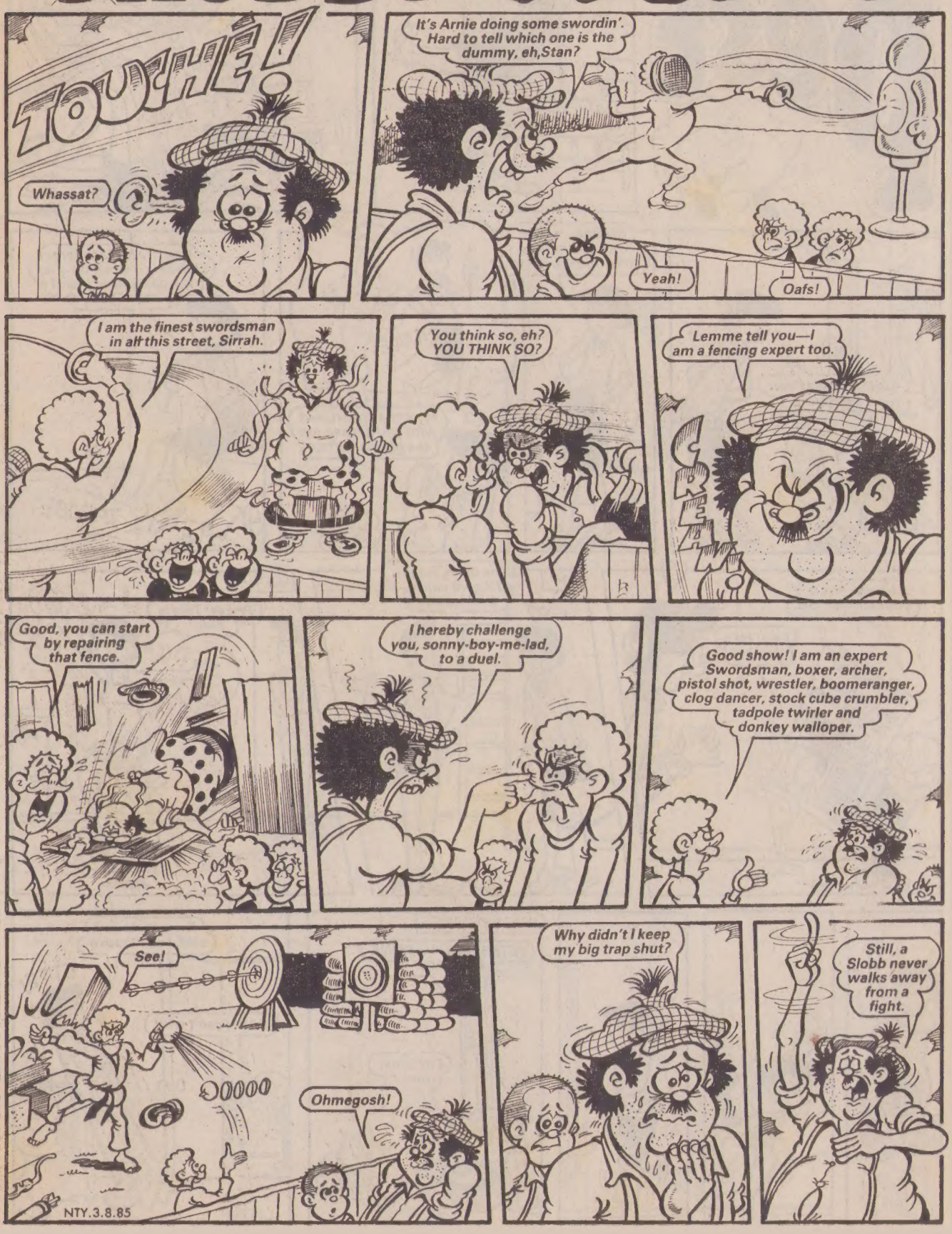
SOON—
PHEW! This is hard!

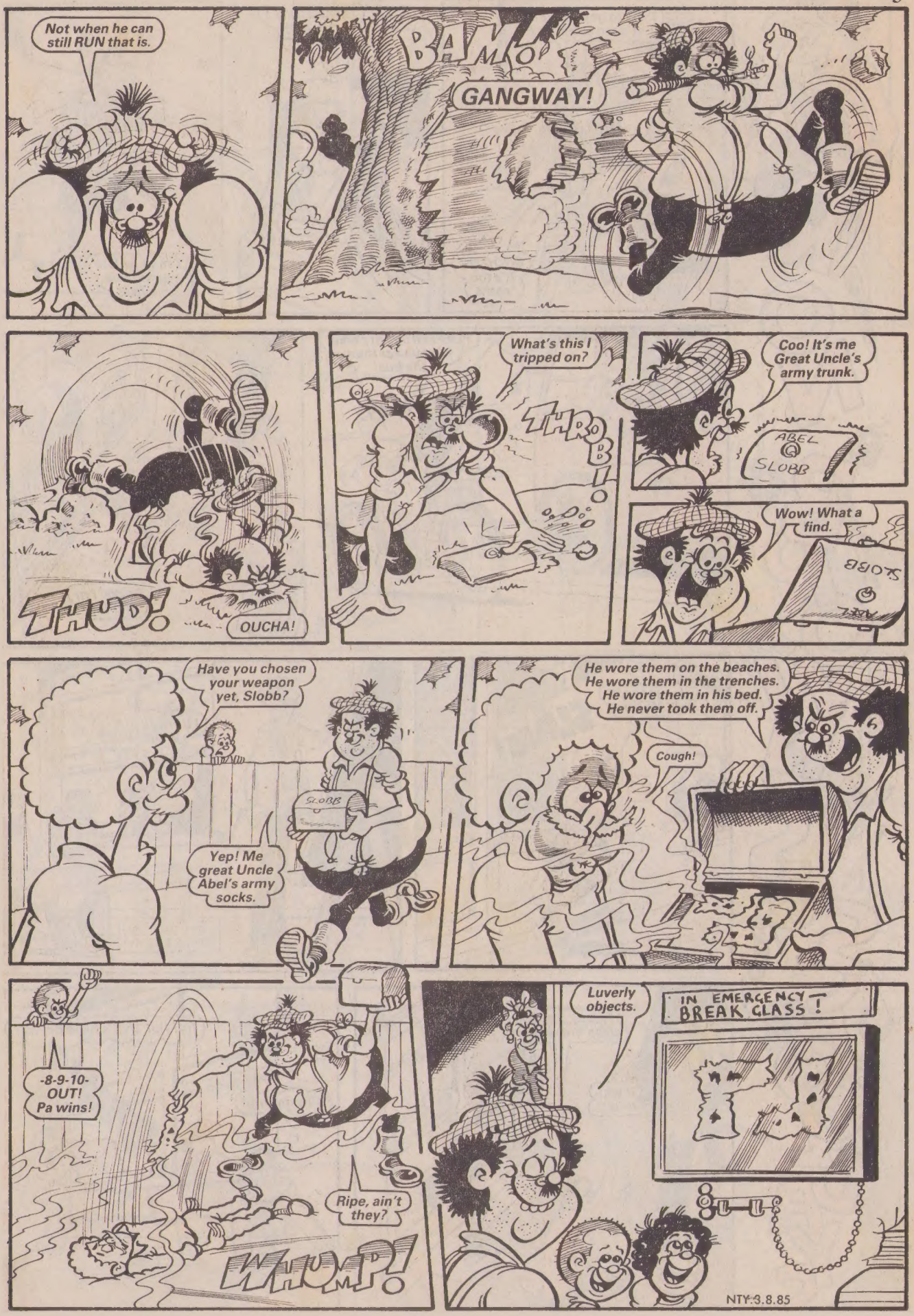
LEAP!

NEXT MORNING—
PETER! YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN!
Eh? What now?

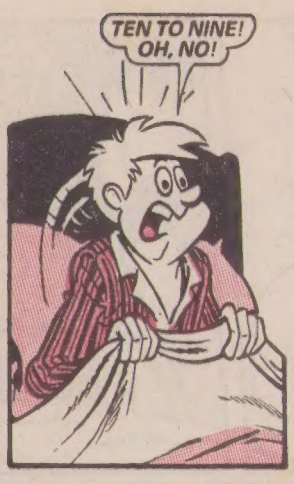
I'm so sore and stiff, I can't move.
STIFF!
BAH! I can't win!
LITTLE STIFF!
NTY.3.8.85

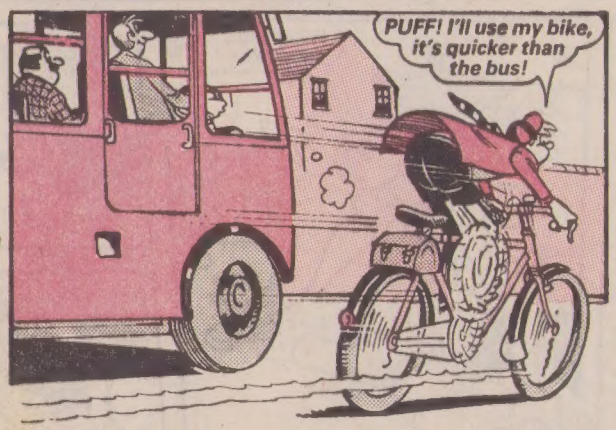
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

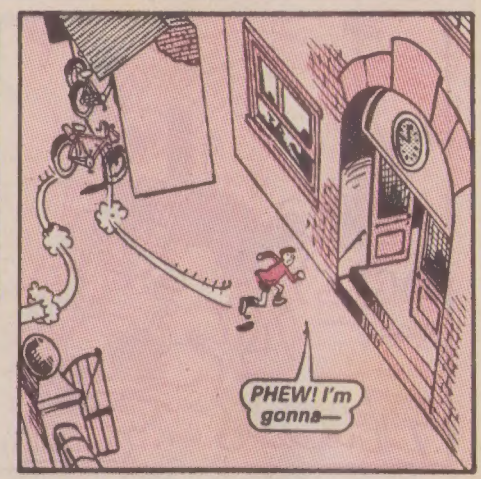

TOUCHÉ!
Whassat?
It's Arnie doing some swordin'. Hard to tell which one is the dummy, eh, Stan?
Yeah!
Oafs!
I am the finest swordsman in all this street, Sirrah.
You think so, eh? YOU THINK SO?
Lemme tell you—I am a fencing expert too.
GRRR!
Good, you can start by repairing that fence.
I hereby challenge you, sonny-boy-me-lad, to a duel.
Good show! I am an expert Swordsman, boxer, archer, pistol shot, wrestler, boomeranger, clog dancer, stock cube crumbler, tadpole twirler and donkey walloper.
See!
OOOOO
Ohmegosh!
NTY.3.8.85
Why didn't I keep my big trap shut?
Still, a Slobb never walks away from a fight.

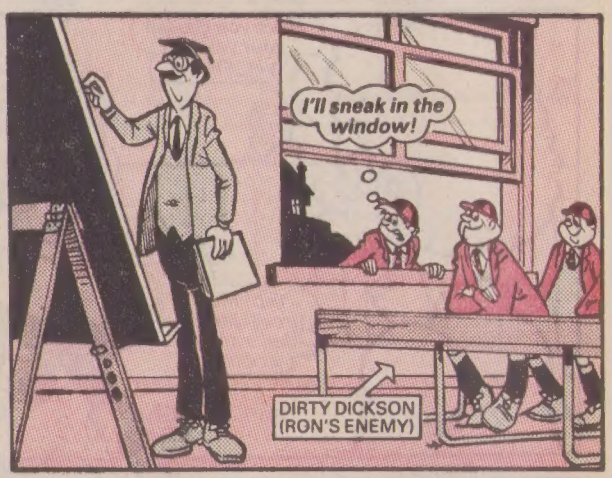

Not when he can still RUN that is.
BAM!
GANGWAY!
THUD!
OUCHA!
What's this I tripped on?
THROBB!
Coo! It's me Great Uncle's army trunk.
ABEL
SLOBB
Wow! What a find.
SLOBB
Have you chosen your weapon yet, Slobb?
SLOBB
Yep! Me great Uncle Abel's army socks.
He wore them on the beaches.
He wore them in the trenches.
He wore them in his bed.
He never took them off.
Cough!
-8-9-10-
OUT!
Pa wins!
Ripe, ain't they?
WHUMP!
Luverly objects.
IN EMERGENCY BREAK GLASS!
NTY:3.8.85

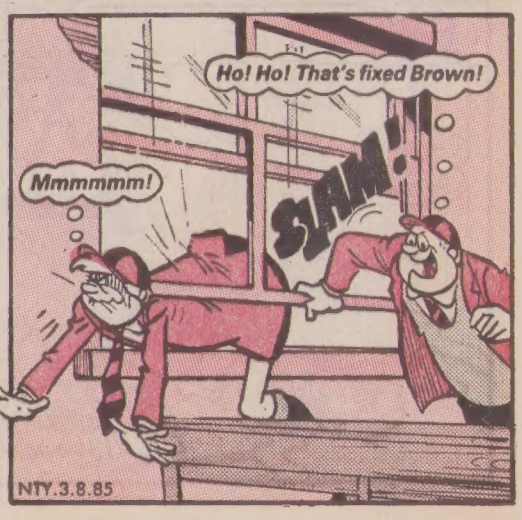
RON BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS

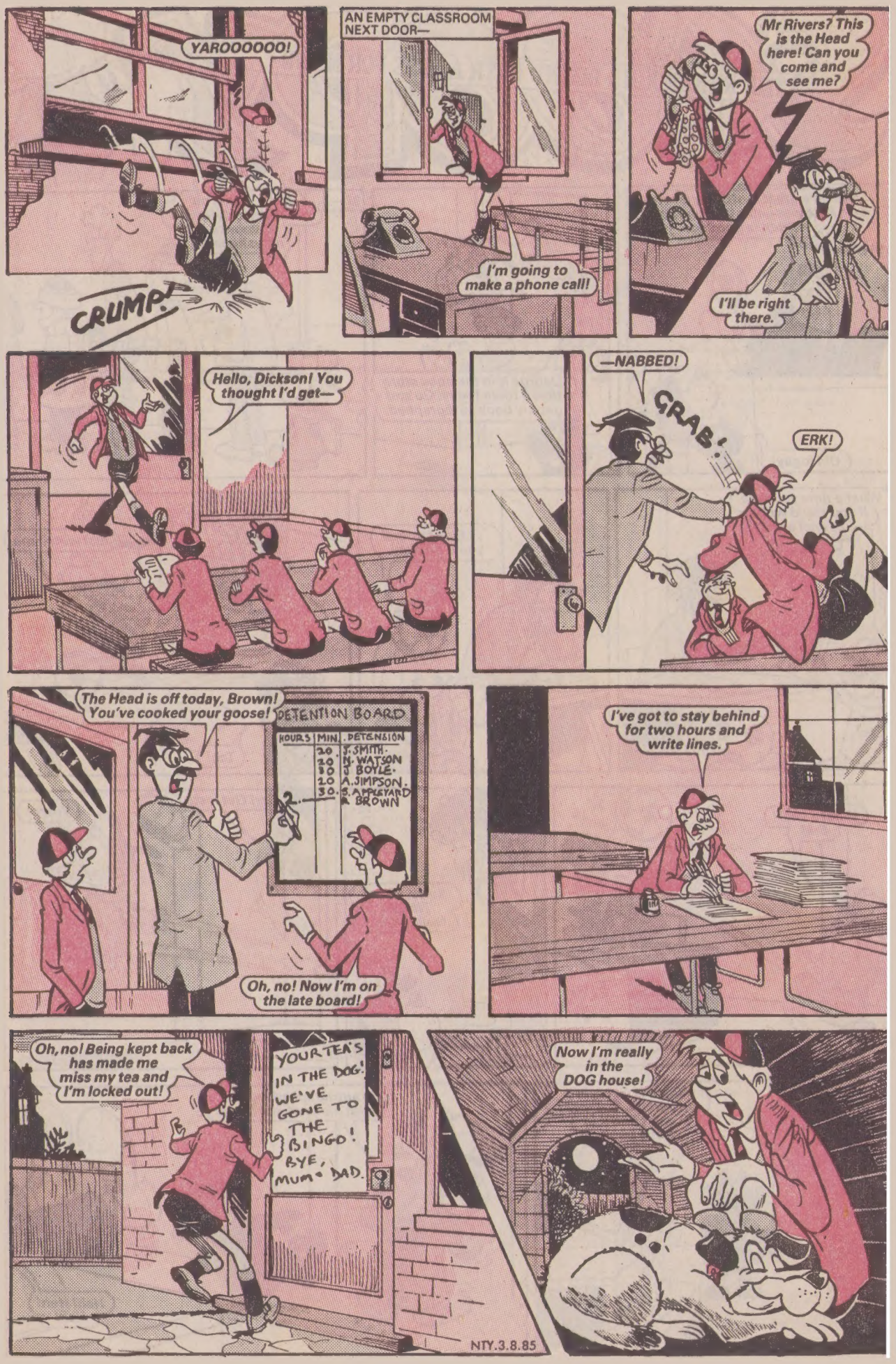










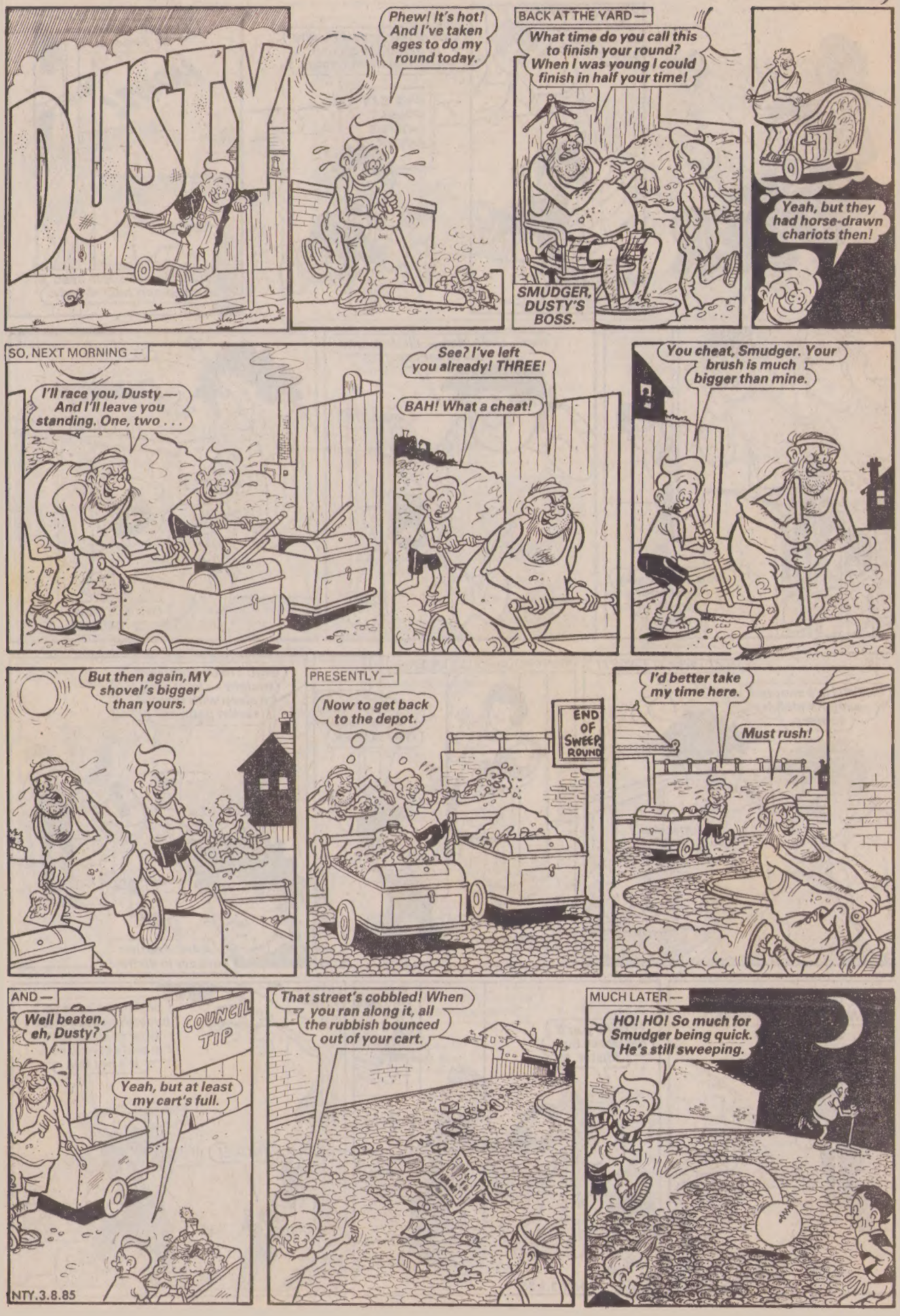

YAROOOOOO!
CRUMP!
AN EMPTY CLASSROOM NEXT DOOR—
I'm going to make a phone call!
Mr Rivers? This is the Head here! Can you come and see me?
I'll be right there.
Hello, Dickson! You thought I'd get—
—NABBED!
GRAB!
ERK!
The Head is off today, Brown! You've cooked your goose!
DETENTION BOARD
HOURS | MIN. | DETENSION
20 J. SMITH.
20 N. WATSON
10 J. BOYLE.
20 A. JIMPSON.
30 S. APPLEYARD
A. BROWN
Oh, no! Now I'm on the late board!
I've got to stay behind for two hours and write lines.
Oh, no! Being kept back has made me miss my tea and I'm locked out!
YOUR TEA'S IN THE DOG! WE'VE GONE TO THE BINGO! BYE, MUM + DAD.
Now I'm really in the DOG house!
NTY.3.8.85

Scoops

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS

What a great footballer George Pest was—this book he has written is good too.
Old fogey!
George is in the book store down town today. Go and get my book autographed.
SO—
Huh! This is no work for Nuttytown's favourite newshound.
What a time you take. If you could write as well as I can . . .
. . . Play football you'd be okay.
Just watch me.
Tch!
What a shot! Erk!
Ooyah!
Sorry, Mate! No bad feelings, eh?
Grr! Get lost!
Yowp!
BACK IN THE OFFICE—
Oo — the things I do for the Ed.
Where is Georgie's autograph, Scoops? I can't find it in my book.
He autographed my botty with his boot, the brute!
Heh! Heh! Heh!

NTY.3.8.85


DUSTY
Phew! It's hot! And I've taken ages to do my round today.
BACK AT THE YARD —
What time do you call this to finish your round? When I was young I could finish in half your time!
SMUDGER, DUSTY'S BOSS.
Yeah, but they had horse-drawn chariots then!
SO, NEXT MORNING —
I'll race you, Dusty — And I'll leave you standing. One, two . . .
See? I've left you already! THREE!
BAH! What a cheat!
You cheat, Smudger. Your brush is much bigger than mine.
But then again, MY shovel's bigger than yours.
PRESENTLY —
Now to get back to the depot.
END OF SWEEP ROUND
I'd better take my time here.
Must rush!
AND —
Well beaten, eh, Dusty?
COUNCIL TIP
Yeah, but at least my cart's full.
NTY.3.8.85
That street's cobbled! When you ran along it, all the rubbish bounced out of your cart.
MUCH LATER —
HO! HO! So much for Smudger being quick. He's still sweeping.

SNOOZER
ZZZZZZ
Snoozer! You sleep twice as much as anyone else.
ZZ! You're right, Mum. I've an idea.
SOON —
Lots of folk have difficulty in getting to sleep. I could help them though.
SNOOZER-DOUBLE LAZING EXPERT
Shoosh, diddums — Shoosh!
HOWL!
AHA! Somebody in need of my expert help already.
HOWL!
Step aside, Folks I'll get your baby off to sleep.
Hush, Little Man— I'll show you how to snooze.
WAAGH!
DUPHT!
HOWL!
HOWL!
OH, NO! Now they're both at it.
DZZ! TWEET! TWEET!
PHEW! He's snoozed young Randolph to sleep.
Amazing!
MANY HOUSECALLS LATER —
Bye! I enjoy this type of work.
Thanks for the demonstration.
GRR! I'm on nightshift tonight — how can I sleep with that racket goin' on?
DRR!
AAH! Another snoozer in distress.
Look, lads — this is called the NAVVY NAP for weary workmen.
COO!
HMM!
I think you'll get peace now, Mister.
HO-HO! Nice one, son.
NTY.3.8.85
LATER —
SIGH! I've been so busy showing others how to sleep that I'm wide awake now. It's not fair.
SNOOZER-DOUBLE LAZ EXP
SNORE!

SPORTS FAN

'SME!

I'll hang this wet curtain out for you, Mum.

That's kind of you, Fan.

Okay, Girls. We can get on with our game now.

Great!

HO-HO! Mum's net curtain makes a super volleyball net.

I might've guessed. I'll dry this indoors.

Aw, Mum!

We can use the open garage door — Mabel and Katy, you go round the other side.

Okay!

Right, here comes the ball now.

YIKES! We can't play here— it's too dangerous.

DRAT! I didn't realise Dad was in the garage.

Ha! Ha! That spoiled your fun, didn't it.

HUH! Shut up, you lot.

That'll quieten you down.

DURPH!

NTY.3.8.85

GRR! You can jolly well have your ball back.

HEH! I hoped she'd do that.

Take that!

We've got our game of volleyball after all.

You take THAT!

BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

I'll just borrow your keys to release my nephew, Chief.

Nice one, Auntie.

GRR! GASP!

WHEEZE! Auntie's sprung Unbelievable Man from prison.

I'm on my way, Chief. You sound as if you're trapped under a filing cabinet.

OOH! Putting my feet up's made me a bit dizzy. OW!

Allow me, Mr B.

GROAN! thanks, Crow—now on with the story.

SOON—

COSTUME HIRE

There's a price on your head. You'd better get yourself a cunning disguise.

WANTED

UNBELIEVABLE MAN £2·50 REWARD

WANTED UNBELIEVABLE MAN £2·50 REWARD

RIGHTO!

HEH! Nobody will know I'm an escaped prisoner now in this unbelievable outfit.

Morning!

SHEE! That's a natty jogging suit.

Just watch this, Readers.

Sorry, Chum. I know this must be a LET-DOWN for you.

AIEE!

PNG!

FLOP!

One hundred and eighty! Bananaman, you require medical attention. YUK! YUK!

YAAROO!

TWOING!

We've brought you a super-fast getaway car, Unbelievable Man.

Well done, Heavy Mob.

Okay, Car—GET AWAY after that pest, Bananaman.

WOW! That's unbelievable.

Now's my chance to escape from this story.

Good luck!

Come back! You can't just leave . . . UGH!

I can go where I like in this comic, Pal.

NTY.3.8.85

I'll hide out in this old derelict house.

PHEW! Wotta guff. It's beyond belief.

I'll get back into the last couple of pictures. I'll be safe there.

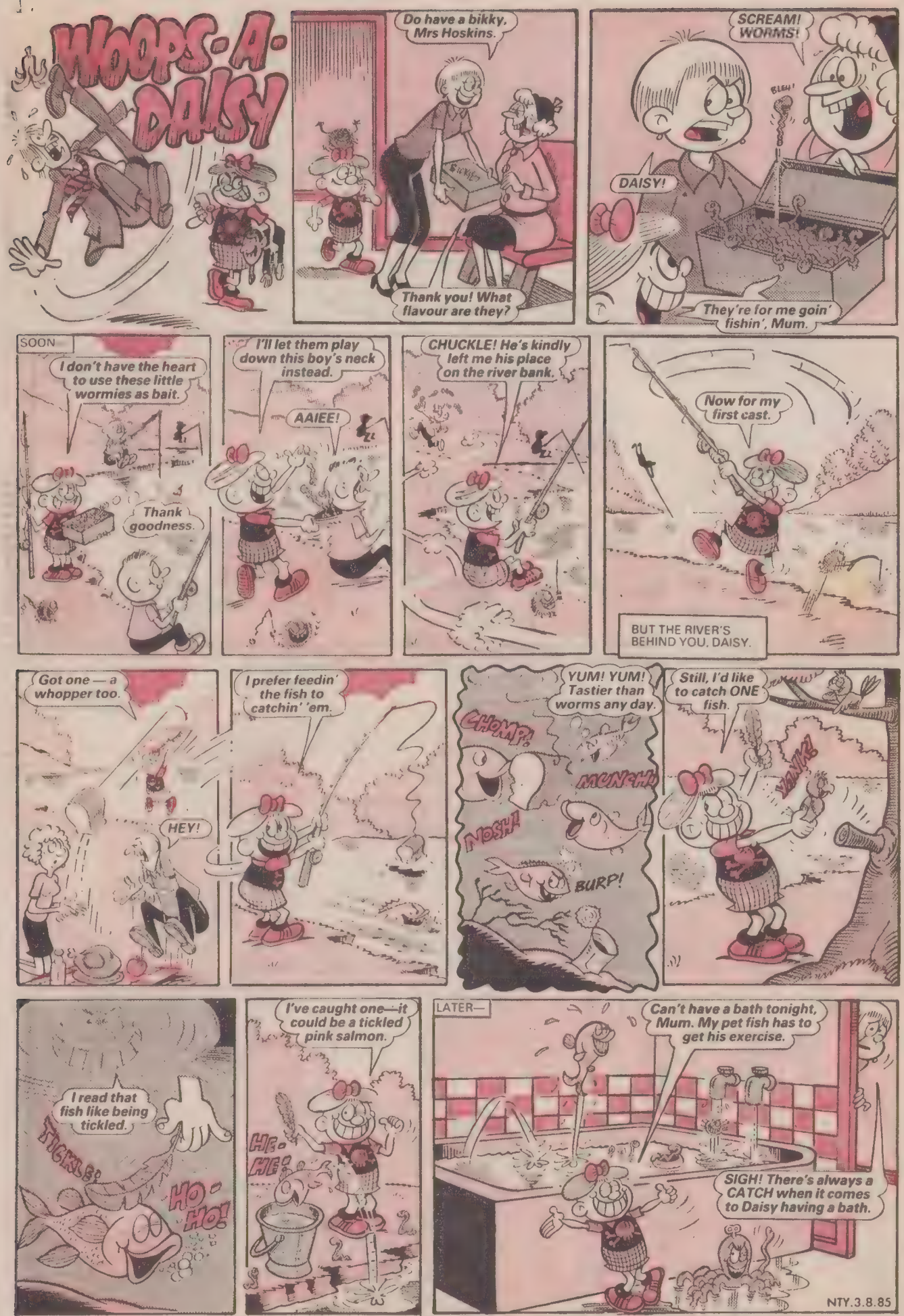
Oh, yeah?

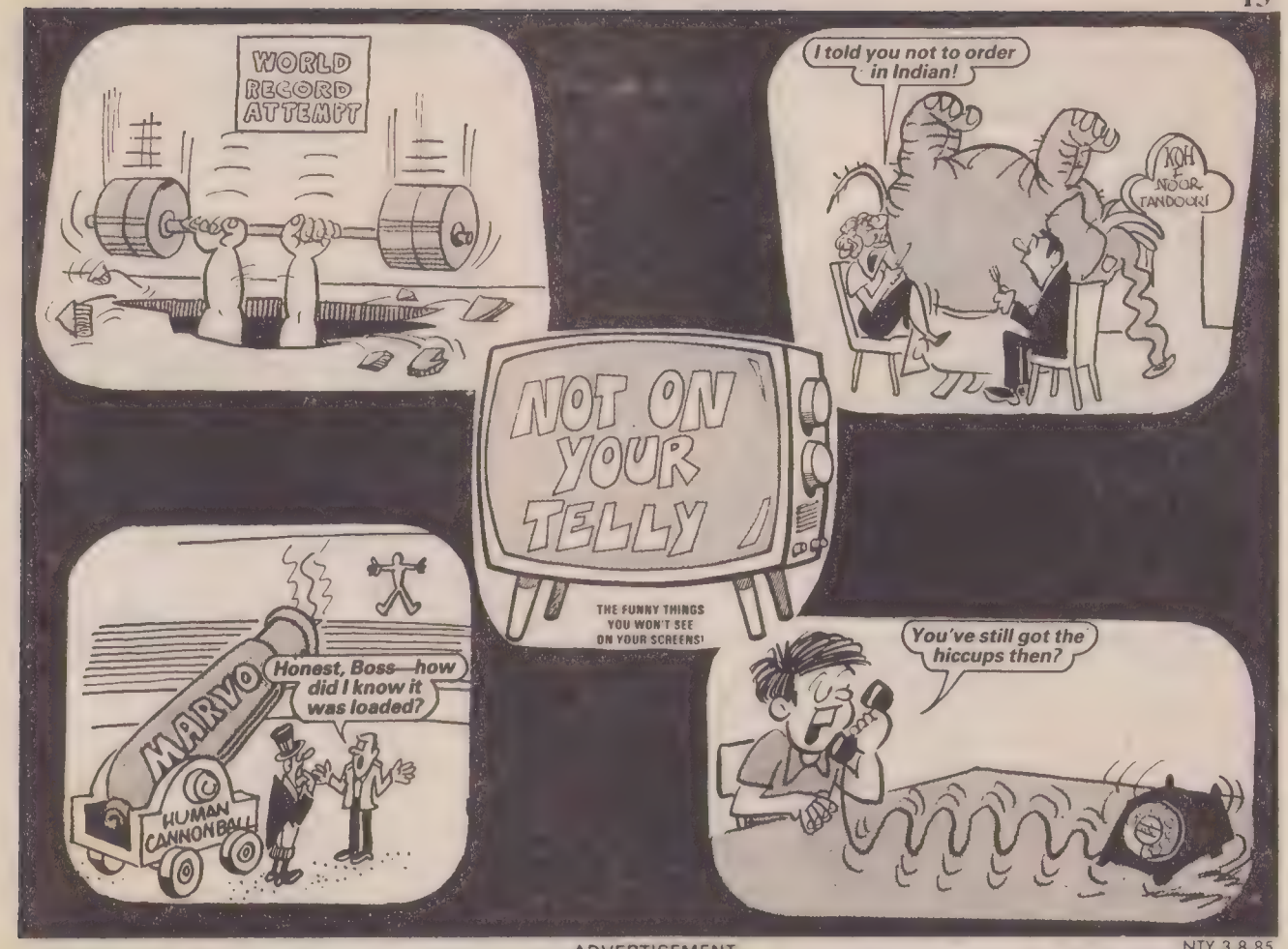
Even with a price on my head nobody can catch me. Rasp!

NTY.3.8.85

MR PRICE, the window cleaner. COME ON DOWN!

UGH! I've got an unbelievable price on my head now. WHINE!


WOOPS-A-DAISY
Do have a bikky, Mrs Hoskins.
Thank you! What flavour are they?
SCREAM! WORMS!
BLEH!
DAISY!
They're for me goin' fishin', Mum.
SOON
I don't have the heart to use these little wormies as bait.
Thank goodness.
I'll let them play down this boy's neck instead.
AAIEE!
CHUCKLE! He's kindly left me his place on the river bank.
Now for my first cast.
BUT THE RIVER'S BEHIND YOU, DAISY.
Got one — a whopper too.
HEY!
I prefer feedin' the fish to catchin' 'em.
YUM! YUM! Tastier than worms any day.
CHOMP!
MUNCH!
NOSH!
BURP!
Still, I'd like to catch ONE fish.
YAWN!
I read that fish like being tickled.
TICKLE!
HO-HO!
I've caught one—it could be a tickled pink salmon.
HE-HE!
LATER—
Can't have a bath tonight, Mum. My pet fish has to get his exercise.
SIGH! There's always a CATCH when it comes to Daisy having a bath.
NTY.3.8.85


WORLD RECORD ATTEMPT
I told you not to order in Indian!
KOH-I-NOOR TANDOORI
NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
MARVO
HUMAN CANNONBALL
Honest, Boss—how did I know it was loaded?
You've still got the hiccups then?

ADVERTISEMENT

NTY.3.8 85

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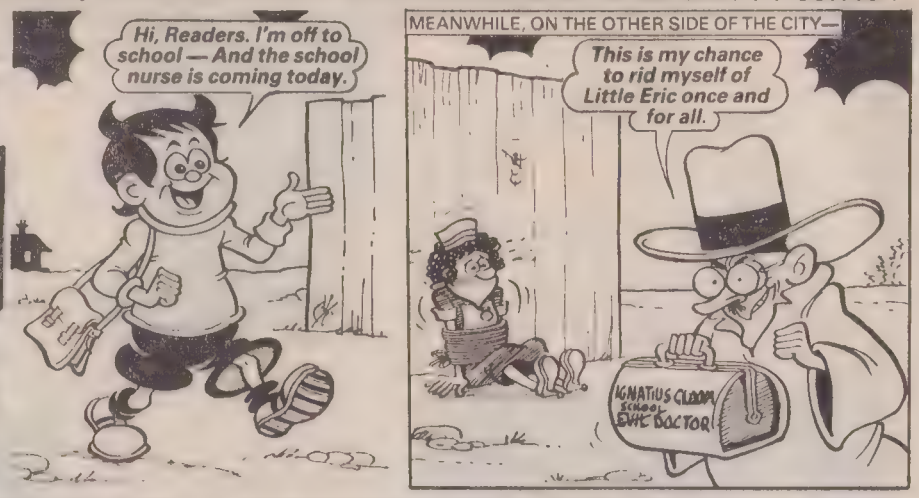
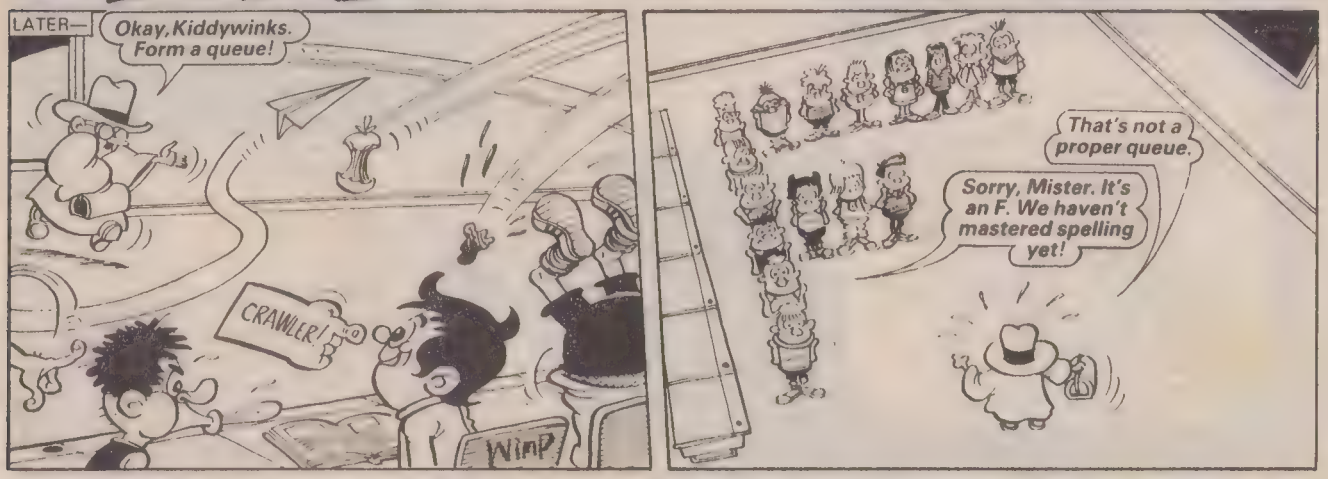
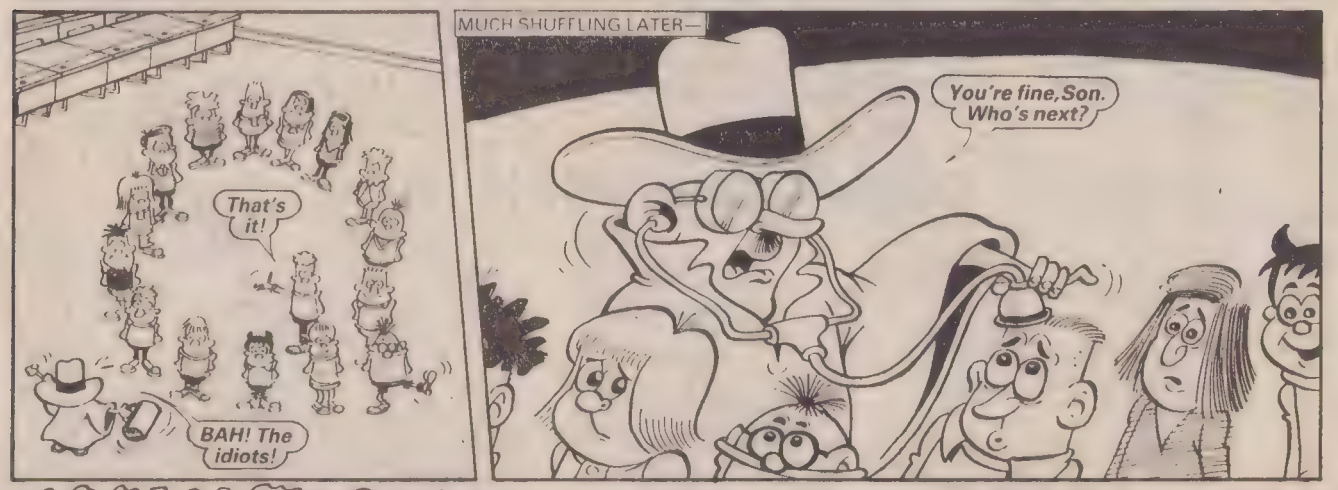
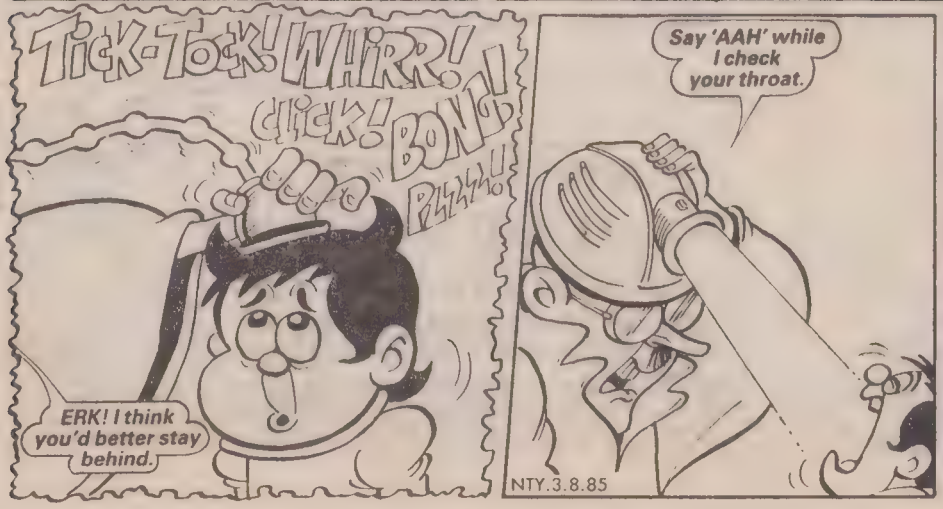
DOCTOR GLOOM'S School Clinic


Hi, Readers. I'm off to school — And the school nurse is coming today.
MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY—
This is my chance to rid myself of Little Eric once and for all.
IGNATIUS GLOOM SCHOOL EYE DOCTOR







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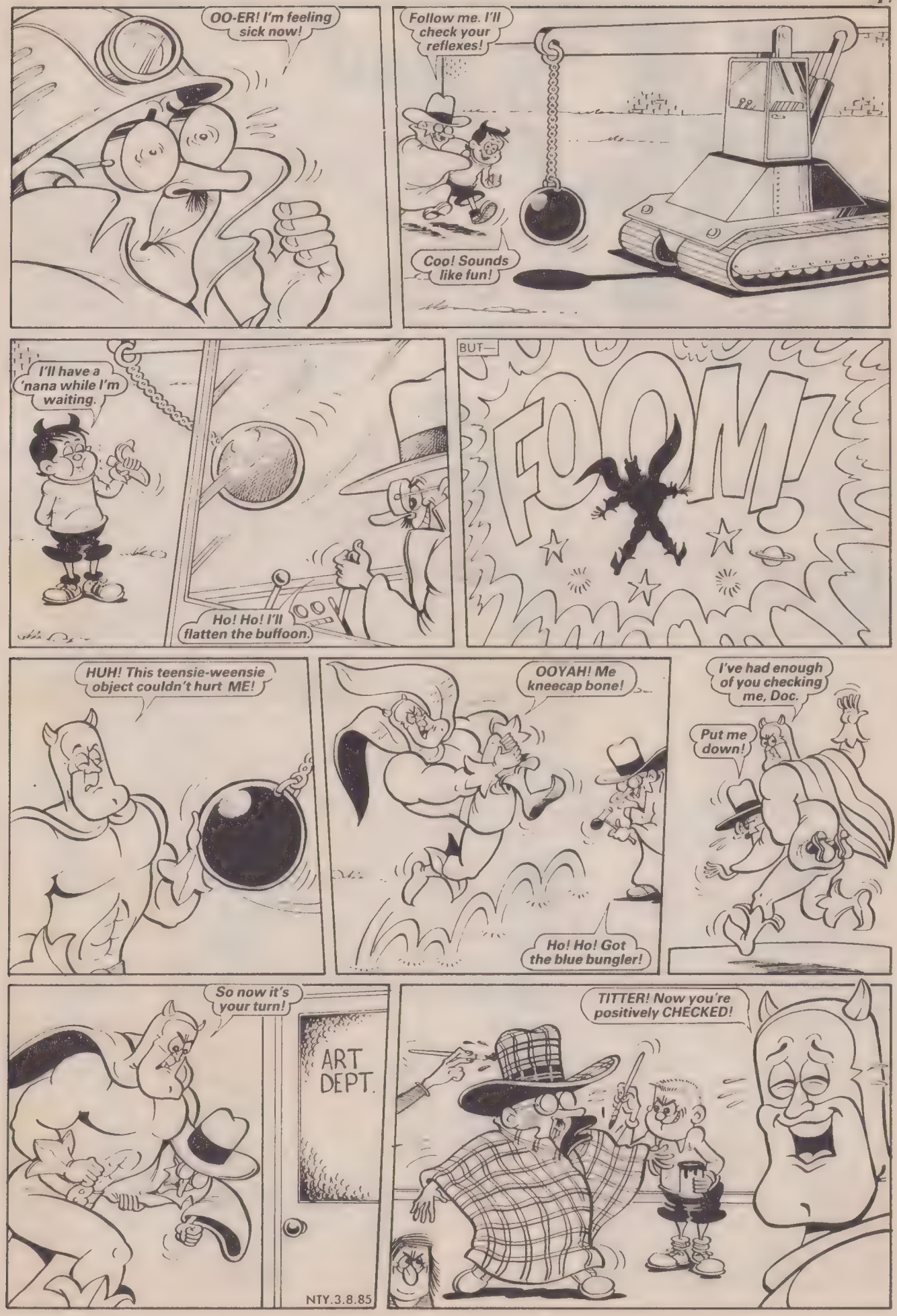

OO-ER! I'm feeling sick now!
Follow me. I'll check your reflexes!
Coo! Sounds like fun!
I'll have a 'nana while I'm waiting.
Ho! Ho! I'll flatten the buffoon.
BUT—
FOOM!
HUH! This teensie-weensie object couldn't hurt ME!
OOYAH! Me kneecap bone!
Ho! Ho! Got the blue bungler!
I've had enough of you checking me, Doc.
Put me down!
So now it's your turn!
ART DEPT.
NTY.3.8.85
TITTER! Now you're positively CHECKED!

NIP and RRIP

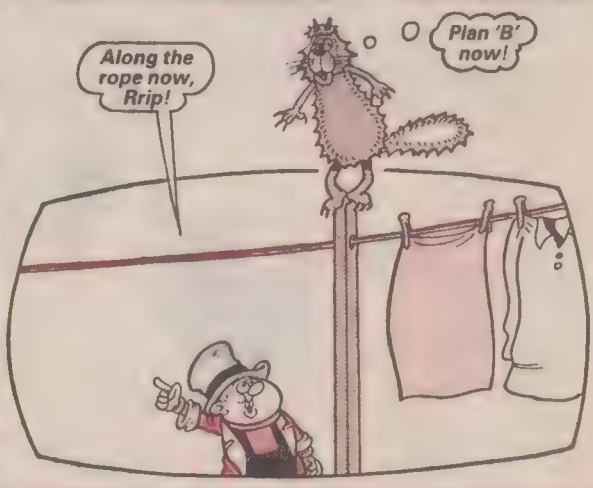
I'm sure I could put on a better circus than that!
Oh-oh!

You're gonna be a circus star!
SIGH! Here we go!

I want to see how you are on the high-wire!
Plan 'A' I think!

Aw, c'mon — the wire isn't that high!
You wanna bet!

OOEEKOUCHARGHWAH!
Right! I'll give it a go!


Along the rope now, Rrip!
Plan 'B' now!

Not that way — the other way! You've ruined the washing!
MYUK! MYUK!
NTY.3.8.85

Stupid cat! I'll have to do this again before Mum sees it.
HEE! HEE!

LATER —
Let's see how you are balancing on the ball.
MMM . . .
BOUNCE
WAIT! NOT WITH YOUR —
— CLAWS OUT! SIGH! Too late.
You can't burst this! Now walk on it!
Plan 'C' I think!
You're hopeless!
Oh, I am, am I?
Now who's hopeless?
AARGH!
URNFF! I give up!
You're a dumb, brainless, stupid scaredy-cat!
Time for Plan 'D' now.
N-now I-I was j-just j-joking.
Oh, yeah?
HELP!
CHARGE!
MAD MOGGY!
Circus acts maybe aren't my scene . . .
. . . but I sure can ACT angry when I want.
NTY.3.8.85

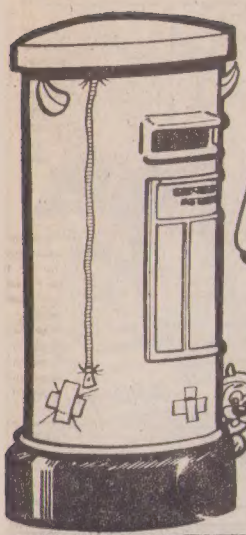
Cannonball Kid

HE'S FOOTBALL CRAZY

TURBO SARGE
My boots have burned up, Storeman.
STORES
Tch! That is the fifteenth pair this week.
We can't keep you in boots, TS. You are costing the constabulary a fortune.
BREAKING IN HIS NEW BOOTS
BADUMP!
RIOT ACT
BADUMP!
POLICE NOTICE
I wear out the soles when I stop.
SCREECH!
RIOT ACT
I'll use the computer to design a boot for Turbo Sarge.
Good show, Prof.
BZZT
Coo! They look smart.
BEEP!
I'll have them made up right away.
SOON —
Pull the cords when you want to stop, TS.
I'll take the boots for a test run.
SHOOOSH!
Now to try the brakes.
YANK
VROOM!
PULL
Tsk! Soppy little parachutes will never stop me . . .
PLOMFF!
PHROMF!
. . . eeeeeeee!
PROYOING!
NTY.3.8.85
Yoo-hoo! I'm back, Inspector.
KERASH!
Now he's wrecked my flamin' nick. I think we'll save cash by cutting your wages, Lad.
We have the technology, Inspector. We can rebuild your desk.

WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,' P.O. BOX No.305, LONDON NW1 1TX.

Dear Bananaman,

I was born on February 29th, 1960 and so only have a birthday every four years. This means I'll celebrate my seventh birthday in 1988! Will I still be young enough to read the Nutty?

M. FIBBIN, LONDON.

Can this be true? I haven't heard that joke for AGES!

Bananaman.

WORKSHY!

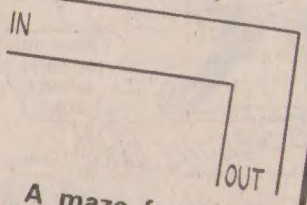
SNOOZER: — I was about to fell a tree in the garden, but a fork of lightning did it for me.

DAD: — What are you doing now?

SNOOZER: — Waiting for an earthquake to dig up the potatoes.

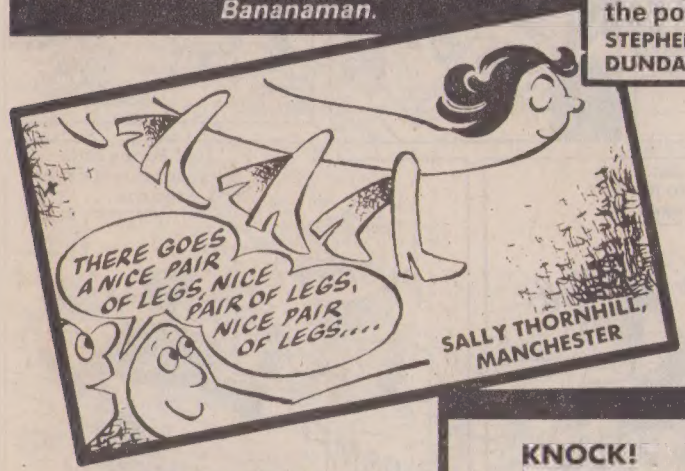
STEPHEN SMYTH, DUNDALK.

WOTSIT?



A maze for Tweet William.

JANE RUTTER, UPTON.



NAILED!

A man went into a shop for some nails and when the shopkeeper asked him how long he wanted them, he told him he wanted to keep them!

LEE MARTIN, WHITEHAVEN!

TASTY!

Did you hear about the cannibal who went into a self-service restaurant and ate himself.

MICHELLE CAMP, MUCH HADHAM.

FASHION FUN!

POLICEWOMAN: — How do you like my new uniform?

GENERAL BLIGHT: — Very ARRESTING!

MARK EDWARDS, LIVINGSTON.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

"Knock! Knock!"
"Who's there?"
"Lydia."
"Lydia who?"
"Lid o'yer dustbin!"

MARK GITTINGS, LITTLE DEWCHURCH.

DIG THIS?

Why is a gardener like Santa Claus?

Because they both like hoe-hoe-hoe-ing!

LEIGHTON JONES, SWANSEA.

MICE TO SEE YOU!

If there were three mice in an airing cupboard, which one would be in the army? The one on the TANK!

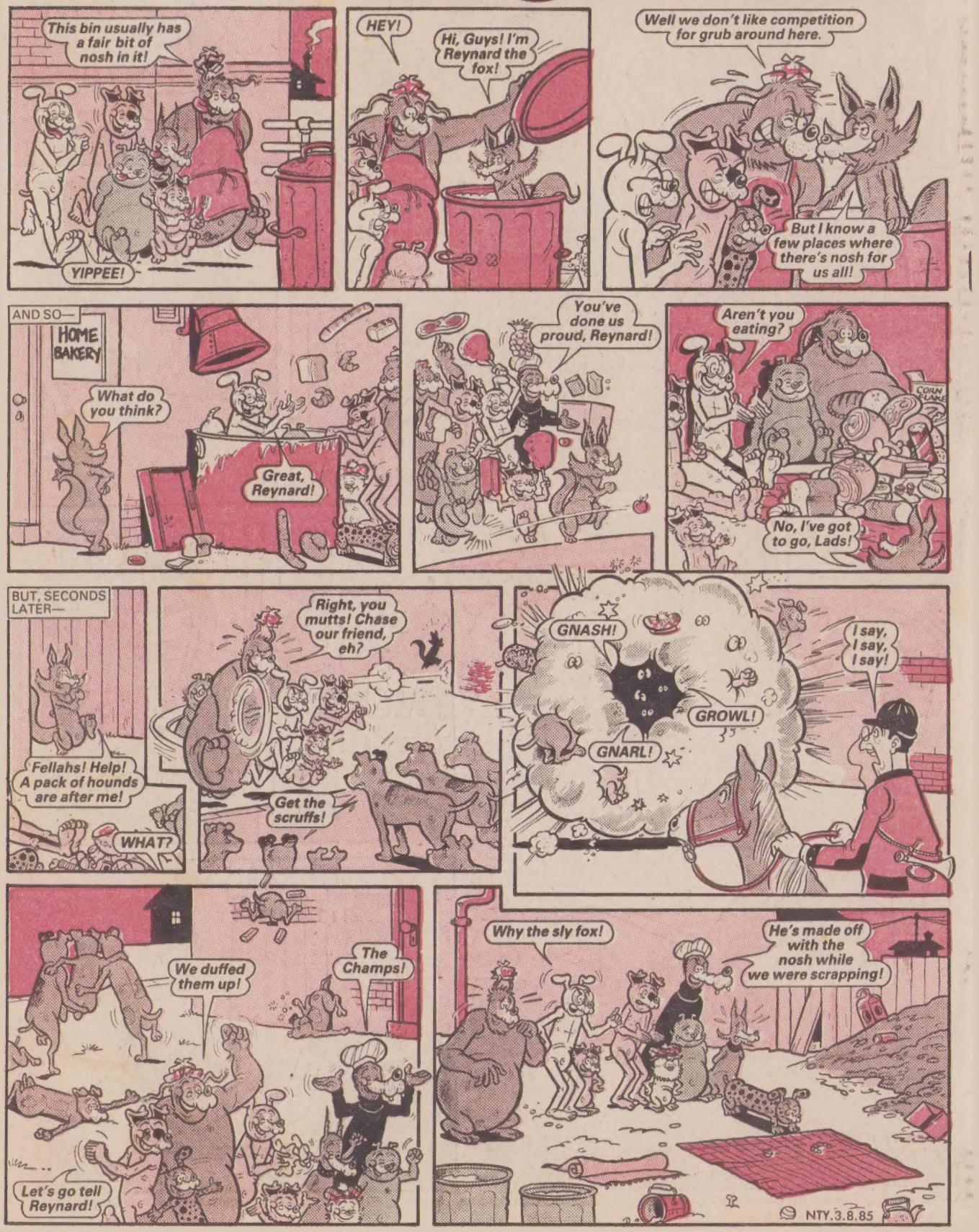
JONATHON MUSGROVE, BRIDGEWATER.

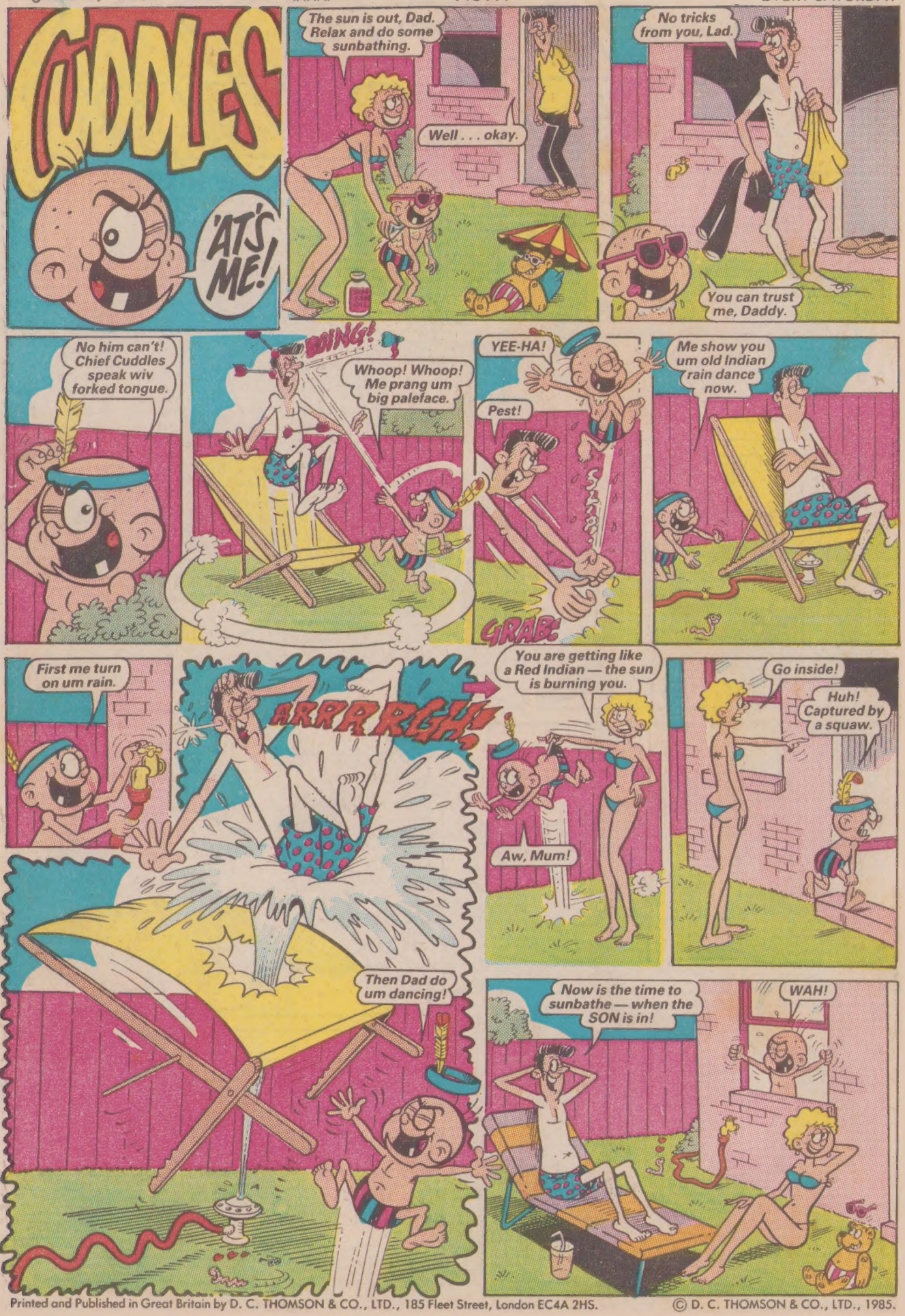
NTY.3.8.85

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

THE WILD ROVERS


This bin usually has a fair bit of nosh in it!
YIPPEE!
HEY!
Hi, Guys! I'm Reynard the fox!
Well we don't like competition for grub around here.
But I know a few places where there's nosh for us all!
AND SO—
HOME BAKERY
What do you think?
Great, Reynard!
You've done us proud, Reynard!
Aren't you eating?
CORN LAKE
No, I've got to go, Lads!
BUT, SECONDS LATER—
Fellahs! Help! A pack of hounds are after me!
WHAT?
Right, you mutts! Chase our friend, eh?
Get the scruffs!
GNASH!
GROWL!
GNARL!
I say, I say, I say!
We duffed them up!
The Champs!
Let's go tell Reynard!
Why the sly fox!
He's made off with the nosh while we were scrapping!
NTY.3.8.85


CUDDLES
'AT'S ME!
The sun is out, Dad. Relax and do some sunbathing.
Well . . . okay.
No tricks from you, Lad.
You can trust me, Daddy.
No him can't! Chief Cuddles speak wiv forked tongue.
BOING!
Whoop! Whoop! Me prang um big paleface.
YEE-HA!
Pest!
GRAB!
Me show you um old Indian rain dance now.
First me turn on um rain.
ARRRGH!
You are getting like a Red Indian — the sun is burning you.
Aw, Mum!
Go inside!
Huh! Captured by a squaw.
Then Dad do um dancing!
Now is the time to sunbathe — when the SON is in!
WAH!

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